

The Garnsey Garland 1162

In Three Parts. A Quernsey Garland

A R T I. The Inhumane Father's Actions to his Daughter, who by her own Father proved with Child, and to keep it private gave her a Thousand Pounds, and sent her to *Garnsey*, where she was delivered of a Son.

A R T II. How she left her Babe, and came to *London*, and married a young Goldsmith near the *Strand*; with an Account how in process of Time her Son came to be her Apprentice, and now after her Husband's Decease, she was married to her own Son.

A R T III. How the Morning after she was marry'd, as she lay by his side by a Mark on his Breast, she found he was the Child of her own Body; at which sight she fell into great Despair, and in short time died distracted.

*Now that this Womans Effigie would know,
Upon her Tomb at large was written so:
Here lies a Woman bereaved of her Life;
Who was my Sister, Mother, Mistress, & my Wife.*

Licensed according to Order.

Printed for Richard Lawfon.

The *Garnsey* Garland :



Tune of *Bleeding Heart.*

PART I

YOU Mortals all that deals unjust,
To ease your self from filthy Lust,
Be pleased a while for to draw near,
And listen to this Dirty hear;
Which of a Noble-man I write,
Who had a comely Daughter bright,
Aged Fifteen, a prudent Child,
Who by her Father was beguil'd.
Her tender Mother being dead,
She by her Father was tempted
With him to lie, which in so doing,
At length it prov'd her utter Ruine.
By him she prov'd with Child, and when
Finding how 'twas, she cry'd out then,
Father I am with Child by you,
Alas! alas! what shall I do?
If it should be known I am with Child,
My Fortune would for e're be spoil'd;
Alas! alas! I am undone,
To hide my shame, where can I run?
Daughter be not dissatisfy'd,
I will take care thy shame to hide:
In *Garnsey* I have a Friend,
To whom with speed I will thee send,
And if thy Child should chance to Live,
Some Twenty Pounds a Year I'll give

To have him nursed in *Garnsey*,
 And a Thousand Pounds I'll give to thee,
 Soon after this, as he had said,
 He to this Island was convey'd
 With Care ; whereas a little while,
 He was delivered of a Child.
 His Babe it was a Son we hear,
 Upon whose breast did plain appear
 Those words at large, in Letters blew,
 I am your Son and Brother too.
 This was astonishment to all
 That was Spectators great and small,
 But none of them could say aright,
 The Sence of this amazing sight.
 But the poor Mother of this Child
 She knew the meaning all the while,
 But she, like *Mary*, for her part,
 Kept this and pondered it in her heart.
 At length when able, this young Dame,
 She left her Babe and over came
 Again unto Great Britain shore,
 But ne'er went to her Father more.
 She with a Goldsmith near the Strand,
 A very noted Gentleman,
 Did leave her Thousand Pounds we hear,
 And boarded with him seven Year.
 At length this Goldsmith and his Wife,
 By Death deprived was of Life,
 Leaving a Son at Man's Estate,
 Endued with worldly riches great.
 This Creature being boarded there,
 And of a Charming Beauty fair,

Having

Having a Thousand Pounds withal,
 This Man with her in Love did fall;
 And they in Love so well agreed,
 That they were Married both with speed,
 And as the Apple of his Eye,
 He loved her most tenderly.
 So now I'll leave them for a while,
 With Providence on them to smile,
 And next some small Enquiry make
 What course of Life her Father take.

P A R T II.

HE sent to *Garnsey* to know
 How things did with his Daughter go
 The Answer was returned, she's fled;
 At which he sigh'd and shook his Head,
 Crying, oh! let that Day be Curst,
 In which to please my filthy Lust;
 I rob'd my Child of Honour, then,
 In which I was the worst of Men.
 What Wretch was I to be so vile,
 Of Honour thus to rob my Child?
 All Women-kind that do's me meet,
 Will stone me as I walk the street;
 Calling me brutish Beast, but I
 Am worse than Beast, the reason why,
 Because Beasts does but in their kind,
 Alas! that lovely Child of mine,
 To wrong thee thus I was to blame,
 Thou art lost, I fear, to hide thy shame,

Tho

Thou art gone unto some Grove to lie,
 Where thou with grief wilt pine and die.
 As for that Babe which thou did bear,
 Through my great Villany, now care
 Of him I am resolv'd to take,
 To him my whole Estate i'll make.
 When this I have done, then out of hand,
 With speed i'll leave my native Land,
 And in some Foreign Wilderness
 My Sorrows there will I expresse,
 With weeping Eyes, in Tears great floods,
 Unto the harmless Trees and Buds,
 Where chirping Birds do strain their throats
 Uttering forth their warbling Notes,
 Most sweet and charming to the Ear:
 But they need not the wrath to fear
 Of God, whose great all-seeing Eye,
 Will in close Defarts me espy:
 And there Besieged with Sorrows round,
 He for my Sins will cut me down
 Like Grass that withers and consume,
 Thus dismal shame will be my Doom.
 So in a little time we hear,
 To *Guinea* he his course did steer,
 There in an unfrequented Wood,
 This Man became a Tigers Food.
 Now since he hath lost his vital Breath,
 And come to such untimely death,
 I'll leave him, and give you to know
 How things with his two Children go.

P A R T III.

TH E Son he by his Daughter had
 Grew up a very comely Lad,
 And in that Island as 'tis told,
 He tarry'd while Fifteen years old.
 At length this Youth, as it is said,
 Resolved was to have a Trade,
 And came to London-City, where
 He in a short time 'Prentice were,
 Unto that Goldsmith, and no other,
 Whose Wife happen'd to be his Mother,
 But all his 'Prenticeship, that while,
 She little dream'd he was her Child.
 The last year of his 'Prentice then,
 His Master like all mortal Men,
 He forced was by Cruel Death,
 For to Resign his vital breath.
 This Apprentice being very tall,
 And of a pleasant look, withal,
 His Mistress fancy'd him so well,
 That she with him till death could dwell.
 And according to *England's* Laws,
 She to her 'Prentice marry'd was,
 And all the live long Wedding Day,
 In mirth they pass'd the time away,
 When Night was come, with great content,
 To Bed this Bride and Bridegroom went,
 Taking their rest and sleep that night,
 But on the Morrow when 'twas light,

She

As she her Husbands side lay by,
On his bare breast she did espy
His Mark, as I before told you,
By which, to her great grief she knew
He was born of her own Body,
At which she wept most bitterly,
Smiting her breast, and cry'd, I find
No Womens Sorrows like to mine.
To hear her groans and dismal cries
It put him in a great Surprize,
Saying, my Dear, pray let me know
The cause of your lamenting so.
Alas, I have cause enough, she cries,
With grief! with grief! my Heart it lies
Bleeding within my Sacred breast,
And I on Earth ne'er more shall rest.
My very Soul's oppress'd with Care,
My Sorrows more than I well can bear.
Oh! wretched Man, the cause of this
Ne'er think to taste of Heavens Bliss.
Hearing those Words immediately,
Supposing it had been spoke to he,
Said, What harm have I to you shewn,
That you make this said piteous Moan?
Her Answer was, no harm at all,
The thing which caused my Tears to fall
And thus deprives me of my rest,
It is that Mark upon thy breast.
A wicked Man, Father of mine,
He overcame me once with Wine,
And having done this thing, then he
Robb'd me of my Virginity.

Con

She

Contrary to God's Holy Laws;
You in my Womb conceived was;
I am the Woman that bore you,
Your Sister, Wife, and Mother too;
Oh! what unhumane thing is here,
My Wife to be my Mother dear;
Her Answer was, 'Tis so indeed,
Which thoughts now makes my heart to bleed.
This thing will all my Glory blast,
Of joyful Days I have seen my last;
No sort of Succour will I have,
But I'll go mourning to my Grave.
I fear when my Body is dead,
And under Earth is covered,
My poor distressed forsaken Soul
Within the Air be left to hold.
So this past on a Month or two,
At length distracted mad she grew,
And with deep groans and panting heart,
She with her precious Life did part.
Leaving her dear Husband behind,
For her in Floods of Tears to pine,
And thus with grief of Soul to say,
Lord give me patience I thee pray.
Now to conclude: You Women all,
And likewise Maids, both great and small,
Let this poor Womans Destiny,
By you always lamented be.

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